

**i'll place the moon  
within your heart**

**eddiespaghetti (foxwatson)**

# **i'll place the moon within your heart by eddiespaghetti (foxwatson)**

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**Genre:** M/M, No Pennywise AU, it's a halloween fic though!, mostly just because fuck that guy lksajdf, this is probably the most self indulgent thing and i'm sorry

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**Summary:**

Eddie, having ditched on the party the losers were planning to go to, sits alone on Halloween night, the definition of all dressed up with nowhere to go. Then Richie shows up.

## **i'll place the moon within your heart**

The thing about Halloween was that once you were too old to go trick or treating, it was sort of terrible. Eddie doesn't want to feel that way - he'd always loved Halloween. He loved getting to dress up and go out and to not feel any more freakish than anyone else. It was a little like getting a break from being himself. Now that he's older, dressing up is supposed to mean going to a party, but Eddie hates parties. Any group larger than seven is a little too much for him to deal with - it's loud and stressful, and random people are always touching him, which is one of the worst parts.

For most of high school, the losers hadn't gotten invited to parties, and they'd managed to have their own small ones - movie marathons at Bill's or sneaking into the graveyard in Derry. This year is their senior year, though, and they finally had been invited to a party.

Eddie knew that if he told everyone he didn't want to go, or couldn't go, they would have offered to all stay in - but he wasn't going to let his friends do that. They'd all been so excited, or at least most of them had. And even Stan seemed like he wanted to go and know what it was like. Eddie just couldn't bring himself to even try it - but instead of saying anything, he'd lied and told everyone he'd just have to meet them there. By the time they realized he wasn't coming, he was sure they'd all be too drunk or having too much fun to try and come drag him there. If anyone did show up, Eddie could just tell them he hadn't been feeling well.

The problem was that he had a costume. He'd had a costume planned for ages, and he'd put it all together before they ever got invited to the stupid party, and so he'd wanted to put it on still, since he put money and effort into it, but now he's just sitting around in his room, on his bed, in his costume, feeling like an idiot.

He was worried, anyways, that his costume is a little silly or not relevant anymore - but it's one he'd wanted to do for years. A George Michael costume. He'd gotten a leather jacket, and got Bev to teach him how to add patches and stuff himself. He'd gotten the sunglasses, the fingerless gloves, the cowboy boots that he would absolutely never wear again. All of it. He even found a clip on earring - which

he had decided to lose immediately after he'd put it on tonight. It was uncomfortable anyways. Besides, no one would see him now. Maybe it was good - he didn't have to be embarrassed. But also now there's no one to even see the costume he spent so much money on.

It was stupid. The whole thing was stupid. He'd thought maybe he looked good in the costume and maybe Richie would - that thought wasn't even worth finishing. Embarrassing. Richie would go to the party tonight and probably make out with a girl, anyways. Richie hadn't gotten a girlfriend yet, but with the way he was always joking and flirting, it was only a matter of time.

Ultimately it was Eddie's own fault that he had become the literal definition of all dressed up and nowhere to go. He'd even put the product in his hair - which was uncomfortable anyways, but the longer he sat on his bed waiting for nothing, the more he wanted to give up and take a shower.

Maybe subconsciously he'd thought- His thought gets cut off by a noise at his window. God. Someone actually did notice.

For a moment, he just sits there. Then there's another noise, and another noise. Eddie knows that it's not going to stop, so he gets up and opens the window.

It's Richie.

Eddie blinks down at him, thinking for a second that maybe he's seeing things, but he's definitely not. "Richie, what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at the party?"

"Well I was, dipshit. You weren't there, so everyone told me to come get you. What are you doing?"

"I, uh. I didn't feel good." Eddie's a shitty liar. He's always been a shitty liar. You'd think lying about entire parts of yourself for years would make you better at it, but it hasn't seemed to help him much. "You should just go back. It's fine."

It's hard to see much from the second floor in the dark, but Eddie can hear the concern in Richie's voice. "If you didn't wanna go, you could

have just told us, Eds.”

“I didn’t... I wanted you guys to have fun. But I hate parties. I hate all the people, especially the drunk people, and we’re all supposed to meet other people or. Or try to meet girls or whatever and I hate that, I just didn’t wanna do any of that stuff, and that’s. I didn’t wanna get in the way of you guys having fun.”

“You’re wearing your costume.”

“Well I. Yeah. It felt a little stupid to put all this together and not wear it. Look. Just. Go back to the party, Rich, it’s fine. I’m fine here.”

“What? And leave you sitting alone in your room all night? What kind of asshole best friend do you think I am?”

“I don’t think you’re an asshole.”

Richie sighs, and the sound carries all the way up to Eddie’s window. “Will you just get down here?” Eddie hesitates. “I’m not gonna make you go to the party, just come down here, will you?”

Eddie hears the unspoken *for me*, and he nods, then closes his window. He puts his sunglasses on his jacket, puts the stupid earring back on, and gives himself a once-over in the mirror. He feels too awkward now to really be confident, but his hair is still in place, and he’s definitely looked worse. Once he has everything, he goes downstairs, sneaks quietly past his mother, sleeping in the living room, and goes out the door. Richie and his bike are waiting in the side lawn outside Eddie’s house, down close to the road where his mom’s car is parked.

When Eddie walks over, he can finally get a good look at Richie’s costume. He’s put on a wig since he was initially under Eddie’s window, and Eddie can’t help but laugh as he gets closer.

“Garth of Wayne and Garth? Really? You look like Henry Bowers in that stupid blond wig.”

“Oh shut up,” Richie says, adjusting his wig. “I took the stupid thing off so you didn’t think I was some asshole just standing under your

window.”

Eddie reaches over and tugs at the wig. “You look fine. I’m kidding, obviously. It’s funny. Did people at the party like it?”

Richie shrugs. “That girl in our Chemistry class, Miranda, she thought it was pretty funny.”

“And why’d you leave her there and come here again?”

He shrugs again. “Told you, I was supposed to come get you.”

“You draw the short straw, then?” Eddie asks before he can stop himself. God, he’s being obvious, and an asshole. He kicks at the dirt.

“What? Are you serious? I volunteered, stop being a dumbass.”

When Eddie looks up, Richie’s reached out like he was thinking of ruffling Eddie’s hair, but then noticed the product.

It seems like that’s the moment when Richie finally gives his costume a good look, and then he just sort of stands there, staring. Eddie raises an eyebrow at him. “What? What is it?” he asks.

“Oh. Just. You look really good. Your costume, I mean. You should have gone to the party, Eds, you would have probably had every girl in school all over you.”

Eddie laughs, and he knows it comes out strangled. He looks at the ground. “Yeah, gross, no thanks. We’re about to graduate and every girl in town used to make fun of us anyways, I’m really not interested.”

There’s another moment of silence, and when Eddie glances back up, Richie’s giving him a strange look. “I had an idea. Can you come with me?” Eddie narrows his eyes. “Not back to the party, it’s something else, come on. Get your bike, let’s go.”

In a moment of pure selfishness, Eddie blurts out. “My mom might notice if my bike’s missing. Let me just ride double.”

It’s completely stupid, but Richie just shrugs at him, then grins.

“Works for me, that way I don’t have to tell you where we’re going.”

Eddie climbs onto the back of his bike. He feels awful, like Richie would hate him if he knew, but it doesn’t stop him from resting his head right between Richie’s shoulderblades all the way to wherever they’re going. Richie’s wearing a flannel over a Guns and Roses shirt, which is completely right for the character, but also just something he already owned. The flannel is soft and warm and it smells like Richie, and Eddie decides to try and at least let himself enjoy tonight without feeling like he’s doing something wrong.

When the bike stops, Eddie lifts up his head, and they’re at the graveyard. He blinks, and looks over at Richie.

“Why here?”

“We used to come here, right? I thought it’d be kind of spooky and fun.”

“Don’t people like. Come here to make out and stuff on Halloween? I really don’t wanna stumble on people having sex in a graveyard, Rich.”

“Don’t worry so much, Eds,” Richie says, and he slings an arm around Eddie as they walk up to the low part of the fence. Richie boosts Eddie up first, then climbs over after him.

They walk to the place where they always used to go with all the losers - it’s an old mausoleum that’s always unlocked, which they’d ended up finding because Eddie and Stan always both refused to sit on the ground on top of dead people. They’ll be safe in there, too, from anybody trying to make out, or from the caretaker if he decides to go hunting out the people who are making out. It’s not a long walk, but it’s not helped by Richie keeping an arm around him, or leaning in at one point to go “They’re coming to get you, Barbara,” which makes Eddie shove him off.

“Yeah, nice timely reference, loser. Can we just get in there please before we get blinded by people having sex on a tombstone or something?”

Richie chuckles, but keeps walking. There's a raised bench in the middle of the mausoleum, surrounded by all the little cubbies the coffins go in, and that's where the two of them sit - where the seven of them used to sit.

Eddie does feel, sometimes, like he should be more bothered by graves and dead bodies and all the implications of that stuff, but death doesn't really scare him. He's got other things to be afraid of.

When they sit down, the bench is a little cold, but Eddie just sits close to Richie - close enough to feel how warm he is, but not close enough that they're touching. It helps a little.

"So we're just gonna hang out here?"

"Yeah, why not?" Richie reaches into his boot and pulls out a flask and waves it at Eddie. "Look what I snatched from the party."

"Wh- Why do you even have that?"

"I didn't," Richie says, handing it over to Eddie. "Bev brought it, and emptied it, and then told me I should bring you some so you could like, get a headstart and know nobody'd touched your drink. Bev and I mixed this up. If you want any."

"Why not, I guess," Eddie mutters. Richie never drinks - he says he doesn't need to, which is probably fair, but he always seems to find it funny when Eddie gets tipsy, and Eddie doesn't really mind. He doesn't drink enough for it to be dangerous or anything. The losers have only managed to get their hands on anything a couple of times. Eddie can literally count them on one hand.

He takes a sip from the flask and finds that it's not unpleasant - it's probably vodka, mixed with orange juice. He appreciates that Bev didn't just send him a flask full of liquor.

"And while we drink in a mausoleum like teenage delinquents?"

"Isn't that enough for you, Eddie Spaghetti? Isn't this Halloween already better than sitting at your house alone?"

Eddie just mutters, "Don't call me that," and takes another drink, but



he knows Richie is right. This is better. He feels kind of cool, and there's no one around to make him feel uncomfortable, except himself. It's just him and Richie. It's nice.

After a minute, Richie pulls out his walkman. He takes off his wig, and tries to ruffle his hair into some kind of order again, and Eddie just laughs at him. He reaches over and helps as best he can, ruffling at Richie's curls and trying not to let his hand linger.

Once the wig is out of the way, Richie starts untangling his headphones. Eddie takes off the stupid clip-on earring again and slips it into his pocket. "Come here," Richie says, and motions to Eddie.

"How on earth are we gonna both listen to music with your headphones?"

"Like this, dipshit, come here."

And with that, Richie puts a hand on one side of Eddie's face and then presses close so that they're cheek to cheek. They're sitting incredibly close, then, Eddie's head practically on Richie's shoulder, and Richie sort of nudges him around until their faces are really pressed together, and he can stretch out his headphones and put one headphone on either side of them, so Eddie has one over his right ear, and Richie has one over his left. It's ridiculous.

"Rich, this is ridiculous. This is like the dumbest - there's gotta be a better way to do this..." But Eddie also doesn't wanna make any suggestions, because he doesn't really wanna move, so when Richie shushes him, he actually shuts up. Some song by the Ramones starts playing - something about a cemetery, because Richie must have made a Halloween mixtape, which is now what they're listening to. It's hard for Eddie to parse out anything else from the song when Richie's so close - and Eddie knows it shouldn't be possible, but it's almost like he can feel Richie's breath every time he exhales, just because it's so close, even though it's really just out of reach with the way they're both angled.

Thriller starts to play, and Eddie puts an arm behind Richie and adjusts a little so he's more comfortable, leaning more of his weight on Richie. Richie doesn't complain. They sit there through that song,

and then a song from Labyrinth starts playing. It's not very Halloween appropriate, except maybe that it's from Labyrinth? But it's not even Dance Magic Dance, or something really recognizable, it's the song from the masquerade scene. Eddie still knows it, and still remembers seeing Labyrinth in the theater when it was out with Richie and Bill and Stan, but that scene had always sort of creeped him out. Only now, the song out of context, when Richie is right next to him, cheek to cheek, is different. He shifts a little, and he's very aware of the way his cheek brushes Richie's.

Richie puts David Bowie on every mixtape he ever makes for Eddie, and Eddie does the same for Richie. They both love him, and they've laid in Richie's bedroom listening to Heroes more than once.

Suddenly, Richie's turning his head a little, so Eddie turns, too, to look at him, and their noses brush. Eddie blinks, and Richie nudges a little closer, and Eddie, who has never been kissed, somehow knows in that moment that Richie is going to kiss him.

Richie's eyes are closed, and he whispers, "Eds," and Eddie closes his eyes, too.

Then, the headphones slip off and clatter onto the concrete ground, and Eddie and Richie both jump.

"Shit," Richie says, scrambling to pick up his headphones.

Eddie takes a deep breath. "Are they, uh. Are they messed up or anything?"

Richie holds them up for a second, listens, and shakes his head. "Uh, no. They're alright."

They both sit there for a second, looking at each other, and then Eddie turns his head to take another sip out of the flask.

"Do you, uh. Do you wanna come back to my place? We could watch a movie. It's getting a little chilly."

Eddie's feeling fairly warm, still, but he nods and follows Richie out of the mausoleum. At some point, while they're walking, Richie takes his hand. There's no one around to see, just the two of them and the

graves. He has the realization that in fact, a lot of the bodies in those graves would be pretty judgmental, and he has the urge to flip them off - so since he's a little tipsy, he does. Only then that makes him laugh, and he stumbles into Richie's back, giggling a little.

"What, what is it?" Richie asks, turned around and smiling down at him.

Eddie just shakes his head and squeezes Richie's hand. "Nothing, Rich. Don't worry about it."

Richie looks a little puzzled, but also just too amused to care, so he keeps walking, and they keep heading towards the gate. "I think you're a little bit tipsy, Eddie Spaghetti."

"Just a little."

They climb back out over the fence, and then drop down the other side, even though it's not that far, sobers Eddie up a bit again. He's got the flask in his jacket, but he doesn't pull it back out.

He waits for Richie, and lets him get on the bike first before climbing on back again, his arms around Richie's waist. He doesn't need to do that to stay on, he's ridden double with Bill before and even Richie and kept his hands to himself, but it doesn't really feel important, suddenly.

Richie starts humming as they ride back to his house, and Eddie recognizes it as the same David Bowie song.

He smiles, and presses his face against Richie's back again.

When they get to the house, they make their way quietly to Richie's room and sit down on his bed, like always. Then, once they're there, with the door closed, Richie gestures to all his VHS tapes. "Well, go ahead and take your pick, Eds. The world is our oyster."

"Well we should watch something for Halloween, right? I mean. Well, we could watch Ghostbusters but we always watch Ghostbusters."

"You make a good point. But also, consider: what if we watched

Ghostbusters.”

Eddie laughs, and shakes his head. “Yeah, alright.”

Richie puts in the tape and then sits back down, and Eddie scoots close to lean against Richie’s side before he loses his nerve.

Neither of them say anything at first. Richie just puts his arm around Eddie, and there’s quiet as the trailers and ads before the movie start to play. Then, Richie puts a hand in Eddie’s hair and nudges him to look up, and he does.

“I, uh. I wasn’t being as smooth as I thought I was at the graveyard earlier, was I?”

Eddie smiles at him. “It was almost smooth. I think I can give you almost smooth.”

Richie laughs, but he blushes, too, and Eddie just stares. “I maybe realized after that, uh. First kiss in a graveyard isn’t the most romantic thing in the world.”

“Would have been kind of cool, though.”

Richie raises his eyebrows. “We can always go back.”

Eddie snorts. “Yeah, no way. As much as I like riding double on your bike, we’re here now, and you’ve put on a movie we’ve both seen a hundred times, so we don’t need to give our full attention at all, so come on.”

“My Eddie Spaghetti knows what he wants, huh?”

“Oh God, never call me that again, especially not like that,” Eddie says, pulling back a little.

Richie pouts at him, and leans back in. “Oh Eds, come on.”

“At this point I’m kissing you just to shut you up,” Eddie mutters, and then he finally does lean in and press their lips together.

They’re both tense for a moment, like something else is going to

interrupt then, but then they relax into each other, lips moving softly together, heads tilting so they can press even closer. They kiss and kiss, tongues pressing into each other's mouths, even though Eddie knows he still tastes like orange juice and vodka, and there's a hint of cigarette smoke on Richie's breath, probably still lingering from the party.

They only pull back when they're both out of breath, and even then, Eddie shifts to press a kiss to Richie's cheek, and then his jaw, and then he presses his face against Richie's neck and stays there. "This is so much nicer than that fucking party."

"Uh, yeah. Yeah, I'd say so."

Eddie lifts his head up, surprised by Richie's lack of any real comeback. He looks and sees that Richie is flushed, and his glasses are crooked, and he's just sort of blinking at Eddie. Eddie grins. "Richie Tozier speechless? I never knew I'd see the day."

Richie takes off his glasses and then pulls Eddie in for another kiss. "Just shut up, Eds."

### **Author's Note:**

okay so basically i had a pretty crappy halloween weekend, so i wanted to write this really self-indulgent thing to make myself feel better. i hope you guys enjoy it anyways! i'm planning on writing another like. proper halloween fic for actual halloween. plus the next chapter of pennywise is the general concept of distance will be out tomorrow! anyways as always let me know what you thought, and you can find me on tumblr at eddykaspbraks if you are so inclined!

the title is from david bowie's "as the world falls down" and actually i made richie's halloween playlist and you can find it [here](#)! cause you know lkjsadf i'm a dweeb.